OPERATIC EDITION

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER

(IN THE OTHER FELLOW'S YARD)

SONG

Lyric by
RAYMOND B. EGAN
Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

THE ART MUSIC CO., LTD.
10141 - 101ST STREET
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT

MADE IN U.S.A.

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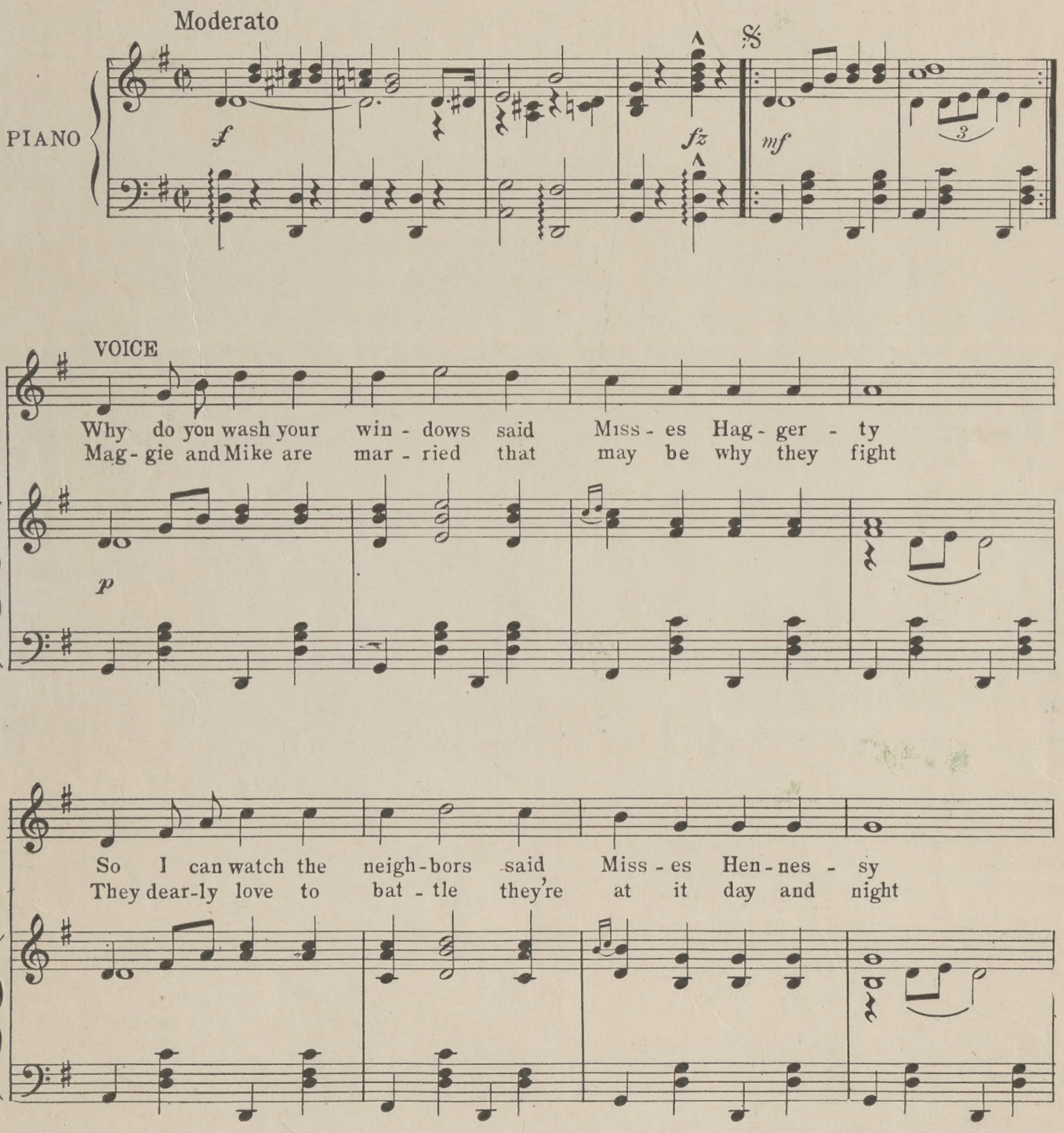

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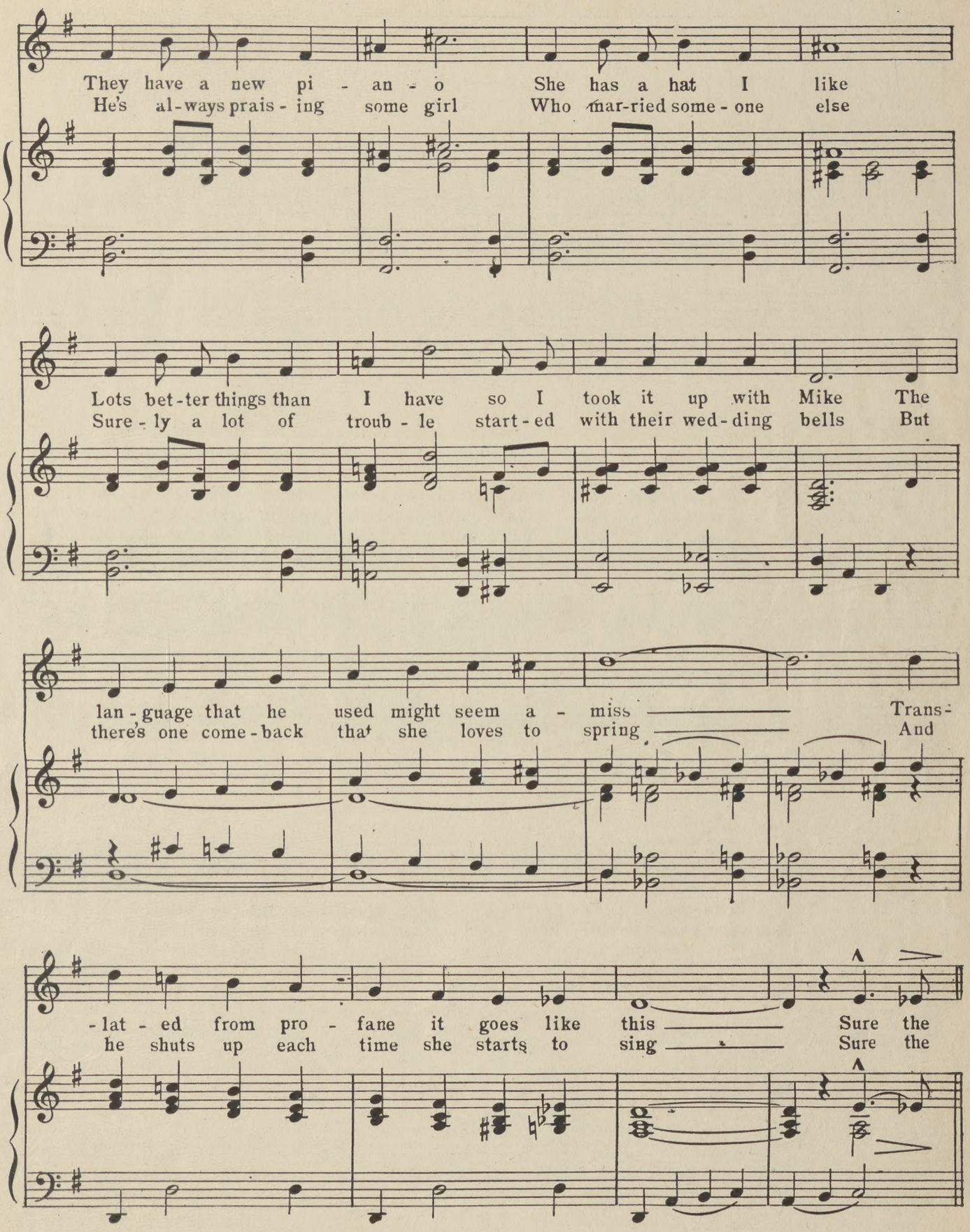
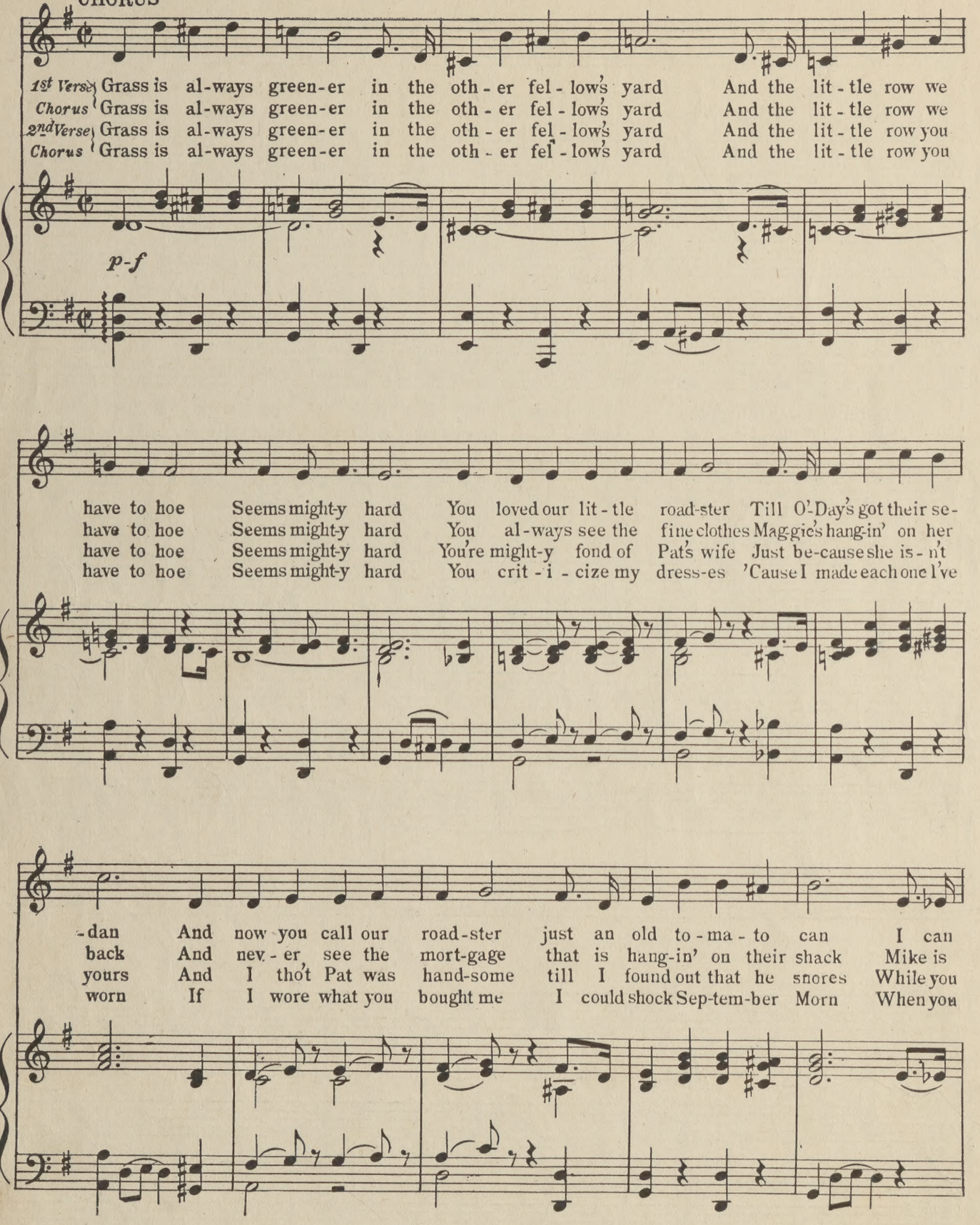
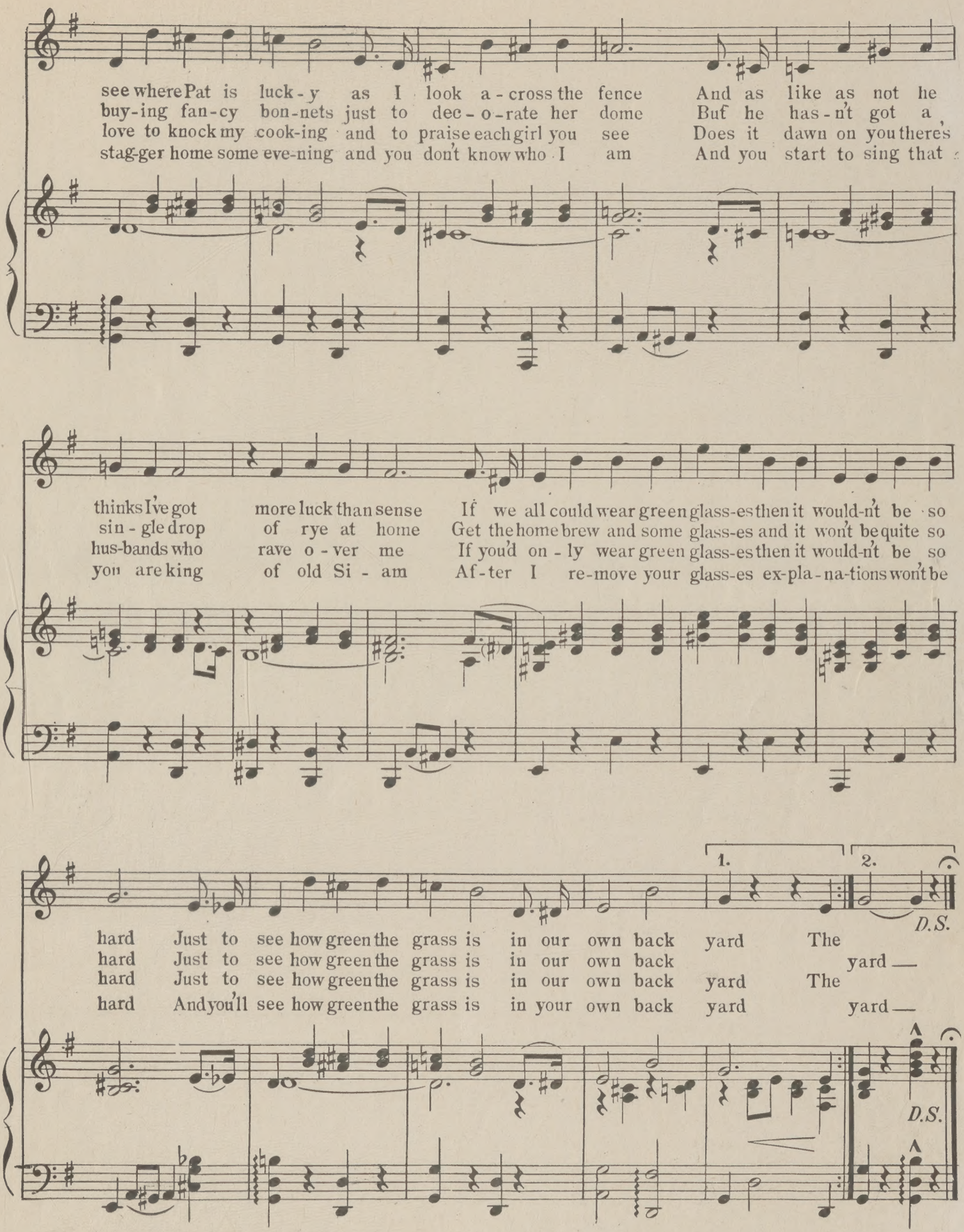

They have a new pi - an - o She has a hat I like
He's al-ways prais - ing some girl Who mar-ried some - one else
Lots bet-ter things than I have so I took it up with Mike The
Sure - ly a lot of troub - le start - ed with their wed - ding bells But
lan - guage that he used might seem a - miss Trans-
there's one come - back that she loves to spring And
- lat - ed from pro - fane it goes like this Sure the
he shuts up each time she starts to sing Sure the

CHORUS


1st Verse Grass is al-ways green-er in the oth-er fel-low's yard And the lit-tle row we
Chorus Grass is al-ways green-er in the oth-er fel-low's yard And the lit-tle row we
2nd Verse Grass is al-ways green-er in the oth-er fel-low's yard And the lit-tle row you
Chorus Grass is al-ways green-er in the oth-er fel-low's yard And the lit-tle row you
p-f
have to hoe Seems might-y hard You loved our lit-tle road-ster Till O'Day's got their se-
have to hoe Seems might-y hard You al-ways see the fine clothes Mag-gie's hang-in' on her
have to hoe Seems might-y hard You're might-y fond of Pat's wife Just be-cause she is-n't
have to hoe Seems might-y hard You crit-i-cize my dress-es 'Cause I made each one I've
-dan And now you call our road-ster just an old to-ma-to can I can
back And nev-er see the mort-gage that is hang-in' on their shack Mike is
yours And I tho't Pat was hand-some till I found out that he snores While you
worn If I wore what you bought me I could shock Sep-tem-ber Morn When you

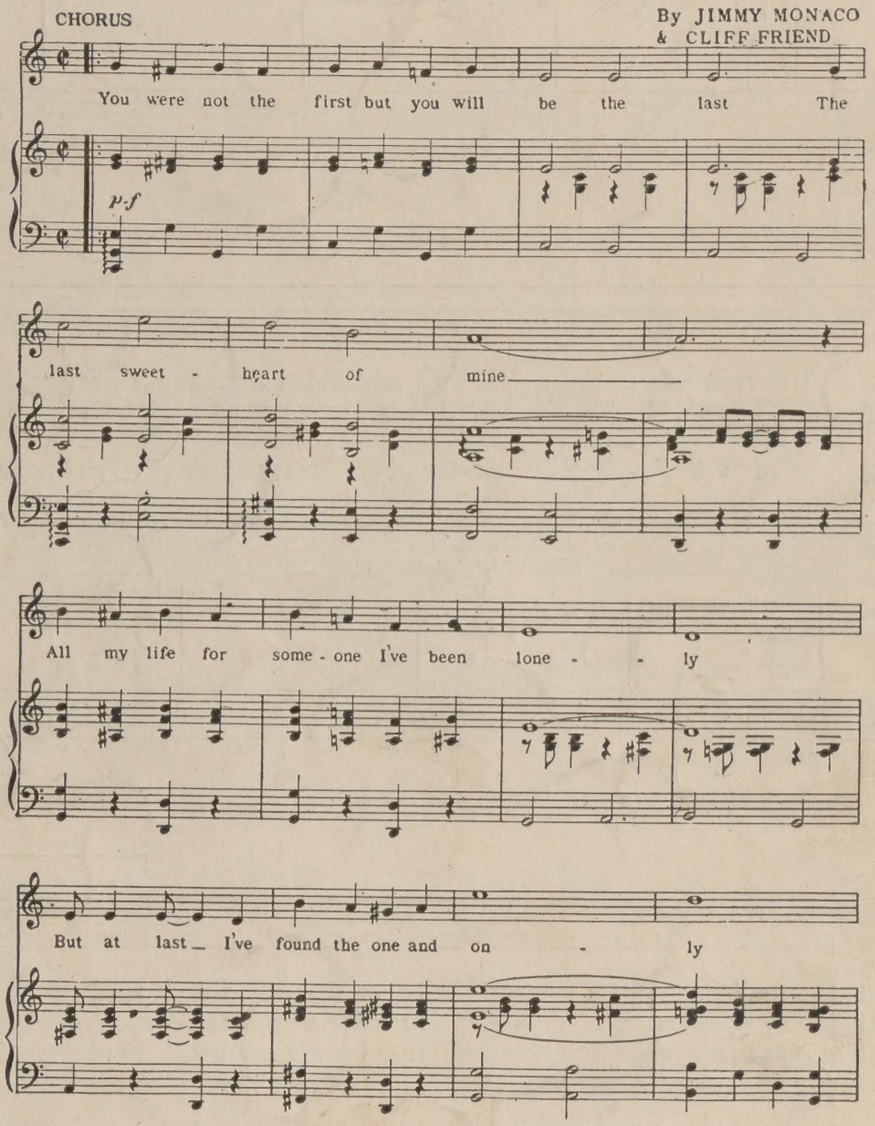

see where Pat is luck-y as I look a-cross the fence And as like as not he
buy-ing fan-cy bon-nets just to dec-o-rate her dome Buf he has-n't got a
love to knock my cook-ing and to praise each girl you see Does it dawn on you there's
stag-ger home some eve-ning and you don't know who I am And you start to sing that
thinks I've got more luck than sense If we all could wear green glass-es then it would-n't be so
sin-gle drop of rye at home Get the home brew and some glass-es and it won't be quite so
hus-bands who rave o-ver me If you'd on-ly wear green glass-es then it would-n't be so
you are king of old Si-am Af-ter I re-move your glass-es ex-pla-na-tions won't be
1.
2.
D.S.
hard Just to see how green the grass is in our own back yard The
hard Just to see how green the grass is in our own back yard —
hard Just to see how green the grass is in our own back yard The
hard And you'll see how green the grass is in your own back yard yard —
D.S.

THE LAST SWEETHEART OF MINE

SONG

CHORUS

By JIMMY MONACO
& CLIFF FRIEND



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